

BISHOP

53.95

**Fanni Hall
By The
Bishop**

**Bunzie
Gets A
Surprise**



ADULTS ONLY



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FANNI HALL AND THE RANSOM NOTE

by THE BISHOP

Her name was Alicia. As a gestalt, as a viewed, not touched, not really even gotten very close to gestalt, she could be characterized as gold and blue, honey and tan; the best of youth; barely a woman; definitely not a child; a warm wind over sand; softly blowing hair; the sparkle of a child's laugh counterpointed, when you got that little too close, by an all too knowing and slightly cynical gaze. Her breasts and legs and belly and hips were what men (and women of suitable persuasion) saw and appreciated most. And the face. The gentle/cruel face. She enjoyed the attention, reveled in it. She had not, prior to the moment, been taken truly to task for her less and less naïve flirtations. Nor did she expect to be. She was, to be somewhat vulgar, a pricktesser. One of the most important single reasons for same was the fact that her father was filthy rich and so, by association, was she. Rich, that is. Money can and often does buy an insularity from the world of the "common" man and leads those to whom discipline is a forgotten word in the English language to flaunt a certain cocksurenness that lends itself especially well to a thorough pranging. Especially to the pranger. And sometimes to the prangee.

With the aforementioned in mind, gentle readers, one needs not be particularly astute to see the possible monetary and erotic (the two can be interchangeable in importance) contingencies of snatching up such a morsel of over-privileged baggage. Obviously, for the sake of this little tome, that possibility had not escaped the notice of the villains of our unfolding tale. Alicia was to face a rude awakening to the vagaries of the world.

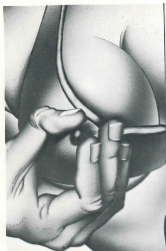
She had been edging around a car parked in the center of one of her back alley shortcuts, peering over her shoulder with some little apprehension at the stone wall with its attendant dust and grime as it flitted past the black leather covered hillocks of her bottom. There wasn't much room; the car looked decently clean, so she didn't mind rubbing herself down the length of its fenders. She liked rubbing things, especially when she was wearing the leather.

"Why the hell do you wear a leather bikini?" Daddy always asked. "You can't even swim in the damned thing!" Swimming had nothing to do with leather bikinis, Daddy, she told herself. A sea of staring male eyeballs and a forest of erections ill concealed by hastily shifted newspapers and towels were



what leather bikinis were all about, especially when she tied it extra, extra tight and up between the sun-brown cheeks of her buttocks. Their eyeballs were sticking out so far that she could knock them off with a stick, she concluded. Silly.

The hands that yanked her through the back door of the car that yawned suddenly open and banged into the wall she was so assiduously avoiding weren't silly at all. Not even a little bit. One hand went to her hair, the other grasped the leather strap that circled her hips and she was hefted clear of the roadway and plumped down into the car by a man whom she at first took to be a gorilla that had suffered the woes of electrolysis. Always the perceptive child, she had, all unwittingly, hit precisely on his title: A. Gorilla (shortened from the old country and somewhat unwieldy Andryonovitch Gorilasivitchowskovoskeritch XVII) - the title was popular, the result of predilections motivated by the pervasive maudlin leanings of the east European mentality and a diet of turnips and vodka in predilections motivated by the pervasive maudlin leanings of the east European mentality and a diet of turnips and vodka in roughly equal amounts - but shortened by the lad's emigrating and hugely sophisticated father (he knew two words of the English language: Huh? and Fuck? with suitable gestures) in deference to American tastes to the some what more palatable Andryonovitch Gorilla. It was further shortened to A.G. for his friends, of whom he had none. The father expired shortly thereafter and A.G. moved west seeking his fortunes. The other one was as disparate from his mate as is conceivable; your basic weasel or vole. She was close, but no cigar. The name of this apparition was Easa Ferret, a man of, at best, questionable (and some rumored, English) background. And no morals. Unsavory. He was also the one doing all the jabbering and drooling. A. Gorilla pulled her head down into his lap (which smelled as if he were a rather indifferent bather) and twisted one of her arms up her back. Her disbelief and germinating panic were focused by the sickening jolting pain. "No move," Gorilla intoned. Mr. Ferret grabbed the other arm and brought it up behind her, slipped one loop of what she later discovered was a rope "handcuff" onto the wrist and tightened it. She had once touched a hot pan mistakenly at her grandmother's home and the bite of the single strand of nylon cord bit with the same fury. Were they trying to dismember her? Her initial shocked immobility was gone by now, all gone. This very definitely was happening to her. It was not a dream. Came the Panic. She thrashed up with her legs as best she could, contacting something solid that went "ooff". Weasel-face, she hoped. At any rate, Weasel-face was not pleased; the jabbering was replaced by an oddly effeminate cursing. Gorilla tightened up and she thought she would lose the arm. She heard a distinct cracking from the joint. Stars swam in the blackness of the lap. "I tol' you not move, honey. We can do this the easy way, or we can



do it the hard way, unnerstan?" She tried to nod but felt more like vomiting, instead. She wondered, dimly, if he would appreciate that. Her throbbing arm was lowered, the other loop of rope was slid into place, tightened to the same searing bite as its mate, and knotted. Locked. Her arms were lost to her. Even clothed, such as that clothing was, it made her feel somehow naked. Her wrists were to be the least of her travails.

Easa shifted his position and circled her arms with a short, thick leather strap, just below the elbows. As the strap was taken in, drawing the joints together, she almost unconsciously shifted her shoulders back to accommodate its pull; she had always been able to touch her elbows together behind her back, and when the strap was finally buckled, the leather deeply imbedded into the skin, her two arms were as one. Her face was still buried in the odorous lap, her hair serving as a convenient handle. She was finding it very difficult to breathe. I'm passing out, she thought, registering only dimly that her legs were being painfully corded at the knees and ankles. She was all one, now, no longer a biped. A monopod?

Suddenly, the hand in her hair shifted to her neck and she was tilted up and back, affording her an all too quick glimpse of a narrow road flowing by and fields waiting for the plow. Like a curtain dropping, the blindfold, leather and thickly padded, assaulted her eyes and was cinched with the same crushing tightness as the rest of her bondage. "Please," she began, "why are you doing this? What do you want?" The panic still colored her words, leaving them sounding like a cross between a gasp and a scream. "Please . . ."

"Open," came the retort. Weasel-face. Still effeminate. But nasty.

"What?"

"Open your mouth."

"Why?" Then it dawned on her; she had seen a lot of heroines on a lot of TV. "Oh, God no, you aren't going to gag me are you? Please! I'm helpless already. I can't do anything. I can't even see! Please, don't put anything in my mouth!" She heard a muted snicker and a comment that this wasn't the only thing she was going to have in her mouth. She thought it something Gorilla might say. Ferret pinned her to his chest with one hand and jammed the ball against her mouth with the other. Her lips had been partly open to voice more objections so that, immediately, part of the rubber protruded inward and between her teeth. She couldn't close her jaws or expel the thing with the man pushing. She fought and thrashed as much as she was able until Gorilla finally grabbed her legs in exasperation.

"Come on, Ferret, for Cris' sake!" Gorilla was bored. Gradually, with Ferret rocking the ball back and forth and pushing for all he was worth, Alicia's jaws were pried farther and farther apart until she began to fear that something might

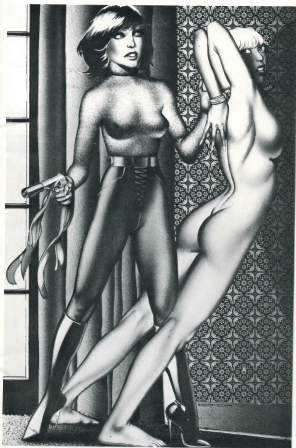
tear - the ball was gigantic! Suddenly, finally, the gag popped into position, pinning her tongue to the bottom of her mouth and filling and stretching her mouth so completely that she couldn't even pull her lips away from the ball. She bit down, but the surface yielded only slightly. When the straps were buckled, the gag became almost a part of her. I mustn't vomit, she thought, frantically. Good God, I must not throw up! She whined through her nose.

Lastly, a thin leather cord was attached first to her bound wrists, then pulled down between her legs and then up her sex and belly and knotted around her waist, pinning her arms to the center of her back. The pain of her wrists was utterly forgotten as this new band of fire invaded her, parting the lips, disappearing into the cleft, leather covered still by the bikini and sundered by this exquisite line of torment. Denied all but her sense of feel, the strap became the center of her universe, at once painful and erotic. She had analyzed the sensation unconsciously, then consciously was vaguely shocked that it should in any way be erotic.

Done with the binding, they propped her against the seat back. She shook her head against the gag and fluttered her shoulders against the fire in her arms. Ferret tittered at her obvious trauma and cradled one of the silken black-covered breasts so appealingly and helplessly jutting and jiggling as the car switched to the gravel back roads.

"Fear not, my dove," the nasal voice rasped close to her ear. "You will come to no harm. Permanent harm, at any rate." He ran his hands lightly over both breasts now, kneading lightly. "I say, these are most excellent, wouldn't you say, A.G. old man?" A noncommittal grunt. "Splendid shape. Healthy. Looked like she had good teeth when I put on the gag. You see, Alicia . . . yes we do know your name, you have been picked up for purposes not entirely honorable, as you may well have deduced by now, but you see, my colleagues and I have discovered that the exchequer is not exactly in the best of shape. We will, therefore, have to make some fairly substantial deposits in short order. You will, as a result, undoubtedly find yourself somewhat less than usually comfortable during the course of the next several days (or weeks or months, he thought to himself wistfully). We do so hope that your father is amenable to our terms because the exact parameter of your lack of comfort will, alas, be directly dependent on his intransigence. Or lack of it."

This was starkly incredible. Here she was, snatched from the street, tethered and helpless and almost naked in front of two total strangers who no doubt had every intention of raping her (she felt a rather odd thrill at that) and here was the one almost apologizing to her! She was terrified, starkly totally terrified, but even at the exact instant of her capture, when the first single cord had pinioned her wrist and as the subsequent bonds were applied to her straggling limbs and more so, now that



she knew they didn't intend to kill her and she could, by effort of will, choke back and partially control the first horror, she realized that something was happening to her. The first awareness, nearly subliminal in its effect, buried as it was beneath the assault of sensations and tumult of the abduction was that she was for the first time in her entire life, absolutely, totally helpless. A simple discovery but, for her, profound. The situation, the absolute terrifying novelty of it, now that she could more objectively analyze her straits seemed somehow perversely fitting. Or was that the work? Always, under all circumstances, she had dominated the situation. Now, to an absolute degree, it was she who was being dominated. She had never been bound before, never had the hard bulk of a gag invading her mouth. Never had the sweet terror of utter dependence on another been hers to savor. Some of her friends had alluded to it obliquely in conversations, but she had dismissed it as nonsense other people played. She had wondered about it, though. It was almost thrilling, in its way. And it was more - she was becoming aroused!

The hands at her breasts and the crotch strap in conjunction with the bumpy road produced a most alarming effect. This shouldn't be happening to her, not in front of these strangers! She hoped they couldn't tell. Her nipples were like hard little knobs beneath the leather. Let me out, they seemed to be saying. Ferret was grinning from ear to ear. A pity about the panties; hard to tell if she was as wet as he expected. Too bad about that strap, too - Madame's orders. Madame was no fool when it came to allowing our Mr. Ferret to pick up new charges with no supervision.

"Sit back and enjoy the tour," he quipped. The fire between her legs would hardly allow her any choice in the matter, she decided. Vaguely, she felt the tingling in her fingertips that presaged her arms falling asleep. She shifted her position. It was the elbow strap. Thank God it was a strap and not a cord. Ferret began humming to himself. She imagined him licking his lips. Gorilla said nothing. She found herself wondering why. Here she was all trussed and soft and feminine and helpless and it produced no interest? She had never had a man show no interest. She felt almost insulted. Then she tried imagining that hulk pinning her to the floor and rutting away grunting like a hog. She was glad he showed no interest, now that she thought about it.

They stopped finally, inevitably. The cords on her ankles were severed. She thought of kicking but elected not to waste the strength. Her ankles were re-tied, joined by a ten-inch length of cord so that she was able to take steps of a kind. The line on her knees was removed, the men supported and guided her, one to each side, and they, she stumbling and tripping between them, left the car and entered a place of pleasure and pain that she was not destined ever wholly to escape.

"These are some of the pictures they've been sending me,"



the man behind the desk offered. The packet was surprisingly thick.

"I thought she'd only been gone for a few days," was the reply. "Why so many photographs?"

"Maybe they've got stock in Polaroid," was the reply, angry. "I'm not particularly interested in the quantity of the pictures, Miss Hall. Look what those swines are doing to my daughter!"

Fanni scanned the ensemble, thought about it for a minute and mused, "I hope your daughter has a sense of humor. An innovative crowd if I ever saw one . . . ooohh, look at that one, I didn't know you could get one of those in there . . ."

"Miss Hall!" the man screeched, "I was led to believe that you might be able to help me. If I'd known that I was going to get nothing but a bunch of smart-assed crap like . . ."

"Not to WORRY, sir," Fanni mollified. "I meant no offense. Endless apologies. Why haven't you gone to the police?"

"The usual threats, of course. Besides which, Miss Hall, I am a very wealthy man, if you know what I mean, a VERY wealthy man, and they really aren't asking all that much for her return. I don't want to take any chances with her life."

"How much money?"

"Ten thousand dollars. Hell, I make that much in an hour. Why bring in the cops and make it messy. Can you see my point?"

Ten thousands bucks for the only daughter of a multi-billionaire? Something wasn't quite right, here, she thought. Why so cheap? And why couldn't a man with the personal intelligence resources that that kind of money can buy find some simple kidnapers? Unless the kidnapers weren't simple at all. Or a setup. She scanned the pictures again, stopping at one and pausing.

"Since you're going to pay, why do you want me?"

"I want you to find out who these bastards are. I want personal satisfaction. Neither my people nor the cops can turn anything on the people in the pictures. No I.D., no records, no nothing. You were recommended. I want my hands on them!"

He wasn't telling the whole truth.

"Who recommended me?"

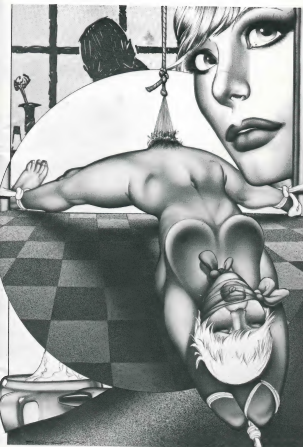
"I can't say."

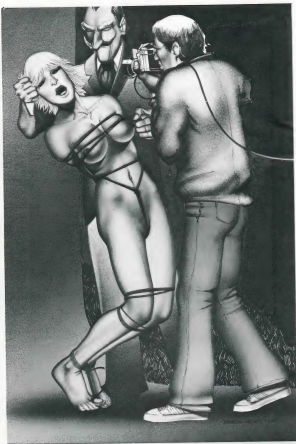
"Can't or won't?"

"Both."

They stared hard at each other for several minutes. She sensed that in this, at least, he was being candid. "All right, I'll do it." You're gonna be sorry, Hall, a very small voice told her.

"Thank you, thank you very much, Miss Hall," he sighed, seeming almost to collapse into himself. For the rumored iceman of the business world, the man seemed very nervous to Fanni. Well, the minx was his only daughter. Again, that twinge of doubt. What the hell was going on? As she was escorted outside, she reviewed the face she had seen on one of





the pics. It was Chattele all right. Not even a little doubt. Her face was right near the edge in one of the photographs, very sharp as if the camera had been deliberately focused there. And Fanni knew where Chattele was. Right down to the street number. A wee talk would be appropriate. Alicia could be, probably was, right in the city. Time to move.

Chattele wasn't her real name of course. It was merely an affectation of the term chattel, meaning personal property. Madame's personal property. The apartment wasn't hers either, it was Madame's, but Fanni didn't know that.

"Good evening, you little vermin," was Fanni's greeting.

"YOU!" was Chattele's usual urbane reply, as she attempted to slam the door. Fanni had started moving before Chattele had gotten the word out of her mouth and hit the door before it had moved more than two inches. Chattele stumbled back down the three steps leading to the portal and sat down, hard. Fanni closed the door and locked it.

"UP," was the command as she turned. She gestured with the silenced PPK/S Walther to emphasize the command. "Into the bedroom and strip."

"What are you going to do, fuck me with the gun?" she jibed.

"I might shoot you a few times with it, honey, and I will damn well beat the shit out of you with it if you don't do what I tell you, but as to your suggestion, it's simply much too nice a gun to dip in that canyon of yours."

"Why you . . ."

The hammer came back with an audible double click. Chattele froze, eyes huge on the black .380 caliber eye aimed at her navel. "... on the other hand . . ." She turned and slunk into the bedroom. Her clothes were a pool of cloth about her feet moments later.

"Nylons?" Fanni queried. The other girl pointed to a nearby dresser drawer warily. Gun still trained on her query, Fanni rummaged around in the contents of the indicated drawer and withdrew a number of stockings and turning, advanced on her by now nervous prey.

"Look, what are you going to do . . .?" Chattele started.

"We're going to have a nice little talk. Over to the wall here. That's right. Tummy right against it. Now bring your arms up and cross your wrists at the back of your neck. Good girl. Now back your feet away from the wall and spread 'em. Farther, goddamnit!" It was a very awkward and uncomfortable position for the girl, supporting her weight at an ungainly slant against the wall with her chest and face. Fanni now stepped into the wide 'V' formed by the splayed legs. "I'm going to tie your hands now, fool, and if you try anything stupid, first you'll fall down because of the position, and second I will then turn that hide of yours into a lampshade. Am I understood?" There was a barely audible and very tremulous word of assent.

Fanni contrived a large clove-hitch (not all that easy to do with nylons, by the way) and slipped the double loop over the crossed hands. She tightened the stricture until all the elasticity was gone and the body beneath her stiffened at the tightness, then used the remainder of the nylon to cinch the binding. Reaching through the narrow gap between arms and neck on both sides, she wound a second stocking from the front of Chattele's throat back around and through her cinched hands and then back around again to the front of her neck out of the way of trouble. Stepping back out of the way of potential kicks Fanni again motioned with the pistol. "Over to the bed." Tentatively and very gingerly, because of the tight band around her throat, Chattele tested the effectiveness of her bondage, found it insurmountable, and complied. "On your stomach." Chattele sat down, laid back, and rolled over. Fanni quickly grabbed the girl's feet and bound them together before she could resist, then dragged her pouting bundle so that her bound legs pointed toward one of the posts at the foot of the bed. Using more of the nylons, she bound only one of the pinioned feet to the upright, then quickly cut the main binding and with both hands forced the other foot to the remaining brass pole. The bed being wide, and the girl's feet being bound directly to the uprights, she was laid obscenely spread and open.

"God, you're splitting me up the middle," was the gasp.

"You should survive. I think." The last knot tightened, Fanni stood back to examine her catch. "Very inviting, love. Not very subtle, to be sure . . . maybe I should invite in that dog I saw out in the hall . . ." The look was pure venom. Impotent venom. In the cabinet beneath the kitchen sink, Fanni found an extension cord and a mostly clean dishcloth. One end of the electrical cord she looped about the pointed elbows and the other end about a lateral crossbar at the head of the bed.

She pulled once and got a gasp, pulled again and got a distinct moan, pulled again just to be sure and threw a knot onto the line. Chattele was now stretched taut as the proverbial bow string, her feet splayed and lashed to the foot of the bed and her elbows stretched hard toward the head of the bed. "All I need is a bow and some resin," Fanni thought aloud.

"What?" was the agonized reply.

"I see you've taken up photography," Fanni said. "Polaroid photography."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Chattele whined. "I don't even own a camera and wouldn't know how to use one if I did." Fanni took the packet of pictures from her bag, rifled through the selection, selected one seemingly at random and held it before the girl's eyes.

"Recognize yourself, Bozo?" Chattele's eyes went wide for only a second, but it was enough. She looked away from the picture. Fanni kept the picture moving so it would always be before her gaze. "I care naught for you, honeybuns. It's the





girl in the picture, the blonde that your friends have laced up there that I want. It's the Madame, isn't it? Another one of her stunts. Why does she want the girl? Why is she ransoming her off so cheap? Speak!"

"I don't know. I don't. I swear, she told me to get into the pictures a couple of times. You know what she'd do to me. I can't, I can't! I won't!!! You've got no right to mix into this; it's none of your business! Go to hell! Let me loose, please!"

"Truculence was ever the bane of youth," Fanni sighed. "If tact and gentle persuasions be not sufficient, more efficacious methods must perforce be employed, me thinks." She wadded the dishcloth into a ball and thrust it down a nylon until it was halfway to the toe. She then took both ends of the stocking and tied a hard knot around the wad of cloth, leaving her with a nylon-clad ball of cotton cloth with long ends from either side of the ball. "Open wide, sugar."

Chattele, seemingly exhausted and in pain, meekly submitted. The wadding was huge and it took a lot of effort to finally push it home into her mouth. Cheeks and mouth stretched to the limits of human flesh, Chattele looked as if she might have been trying to eat a baseball at one gulp. The nylon ends of the gag went around behind the hapless girl's neck and then forward again against the bloated cheeks, one end going over the gag wad and the two ends joined together at one side of the face. There would be no invective coming from those lips. Her breathing was noisy through her nose. "Do you have a cold, sweetheart?" Fanni commiserated. "Maybe I should get you some aspirin. How about a hot water bottle? Last chance. Anything to say . . . er well, you know what I mean, under the circumstances." The bound face gave a definite, but thoroughly frightened negative. Fanni shook her head in disappointment. "Your treat, kid."

From a 35mm film can, Fanni removed a bundle of fine silk thongs. The bundle unraveled revealed about two dozen separate two-foot-long filaments. Fanni settled herself comfortably at the juncture of the splayed thighs and began her task. She didn't speak. Chattele couldn't. With great care, Hall tied one end of a thong about a small cluster of pubic hairs and knotted it with deliberate care. Picking up another thong, she repeated the process using another small group of hairs. "I'm really glad you aren't shaved, you know," she opined.

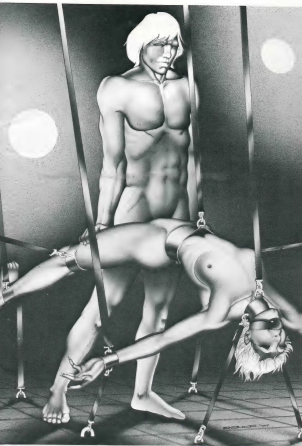
Chattele listened and breathed through her nose. The process was lengthy because of the precision involved. At the end of the requisite time, all 24 lines had been secured to Chattele's luxuriant thatch, each in its separate area, each binding a distinct bunch of hair. Fanni slowly and carefully gathered all the thongs together, pulling simultaneously so that they all shared the same tension, none too slack, none too taut. At this point, the thongs were tied together in one large knot. Above the knot the remaining length of the ganged

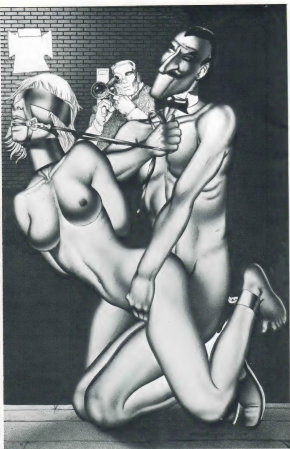
threads was linked to a length of clothesline provided by the copious kitchen cabinet.

The nether end of the cord was then thrown over a beam overhead spanning the bed edge to edge. With a cherubic grin, Fanni caught the thrown end as it fell and pulled down on the end of the line. The effect was immediate. Twenty-four tiny hands firmly clenched in Chattele's bush lifted and pulled. She squirmed, sweat standing out on her face. Garbled negatives disappeared into the wadding. Her eyes were white on the edges and huge. "Any helpful comments?" Fanni coaxed. A pause and then a very faint shake of the head.

Stubborn. OK. Full grown. Her choice. From an adjacent bookcase Fanni selected a number of wide flat books and returned to the bed. Throwing the pile onto the bed, she jumped beside the recumbent form and heaved the sweat-streaked buttocks bodily from the bed and began shoveling the books beneath. When she was done, Chattele found her sex elevated a full twelve inches higher than before, held in place by the stack of books. "You ain't gonna like this, kid. Madame tried this on me once and I seriously considered having myself permanently depilated after that just to make sure it could never ever happen again." With that, she drew the pubic hair rope taut, tied it off at the base of the bed, and removed the books, one by one. When the last book was gone, Chattele found herself supported by her crotch hairs, her bottom a clear four inches from the bed's support. The agony was unbelievable. Surely those tiny, inconsequential hairs couldn't support so much weight. Or hurt so much. She writhed and twisted, hair lank and damp against her forehead, the bed sopping beneath those parts of her body where the two made contact. The pain was beyond a groan or a gasp. She screamed and screamed again, the frantic scream disappearing into the gag like a BB into a pool of oil, emerging, finally, as no more than a thin whining through her nose. "Told ya you wouldn't like it. I have to run on down to the drug store. I'll be back in an hour. Or two. Enjoy." Dimly, through a red haze of pain and sweat running into her eyes, she saw the other woman pick up her coat and depart! No! This was impossible! Incredible! Worse, almost than the pain was the fact that she could see every single line of her torture, pulling the hair and the flesh to which it was attached up into tiny pink hillocks. Oh God, if they would only pull out! If only she could give one good hard jerk, she was sure the hairs would part company with her, but she was so tightly tractioned that any upward movement was impossible. She could only hang, and hurt. And mewl into the monstrous huge gag. Time stood still.

"Want to talk?" She was back, what, a century, a millenia later? Sucking a coke, coat hung over one shoulder, Fanni was Chattele's own vision of heaven and solace incarnate. "Wanna talk, schweetheart?" she said with a Bogie drawl. A nod. It was almost more than she could manage.





"I have the location. What? How? Well, let's just say an 'acquaintance' of mine came across. No. No real problem. No, I'm on my way, now. Should have this cleaned up pretty quick. Any more pictures? Yeah . . . they did WHAT! Hope the dog was all right! Well, I'm sure you'll enjoy your revenge all the more for that. Gotta go." Fanni hung up the phone.

The man hung up his phone, then picked it up, again and dialed a number that had come with the latest pictures. "She's on her way . . . what about my daughter?" There was a click on the other end of the line. The man cradled the phone and stared blankly through the smog. He was well past rage by now. A black emptiness was all he could feel.

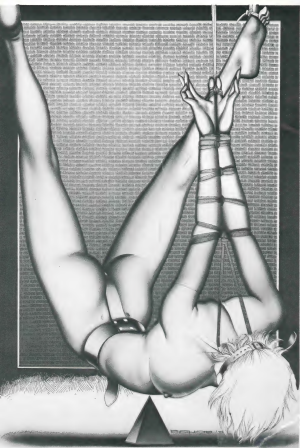
For Alicia, feeling, en toto was what she did to a greater extent now than at any other time in her entire life. She had become a creature of the tactile, her skin an instrument for communicating the plethora of wounds, of stripes, of bonds, and strained, exhausting, agonizing positions she had so recently weathered. The physical dimensions of the change in status had begun so long (it seemed) ago in the car. The leather pads strapped to her eyes had robbed her of her sight, and she had turned inward, examining the sensations, discomforts, . . . pleasures, for that was what they had been, her fear and initial revulsion and frantic negatives notwithstanding. She had been brutally torn from the fabric of her perceived life, the inviolate image of herself as a sovereign entity had been dissolved with the first ropes on her wrist. The inculcated and imagined sanctity of her sex had been plundered by the invasion of the strap, the orgasms all the more violent because she had absolutely no control over what was happening between her legs. She would not be the same again even if her captors led her freely to the open door. She had hated them, and feared them. Especially the woman. White on black. Pale, pale skin surrounded by a black fall of hair merging, seemingly into a dress of the same color. There was a thin brilliant red belt high about her waist. Her only color. But for the eyes. Green. She was quite the most beautiful and terrifying spectacle Alicia had ever beheld, and was the only thing about the room to which the removed blindfold had introduced her that she could recall, afterwards. The meeting had been brief and wordless. At a curt gesture from the woman Alicia, still gagged, still bound, still wearing the strap, had been hustled from the room and to the bleak, featureless cell that had become her only point of stability in the whole incredible whirlwind of activity.

That and her bonds. They never left her. They seemed, now, almost clothing. Surely, they were the only things that covered any part of her body. In three days, nakedness had come to seem almost as ordinary as the wearing of clothes had seemed before, although Mr. Ferret's constant leering and smirking still caused the occasional blush. What might have been a natural reaction to attempt covering the crotch and breasts with the hands had very quickly been denied her. Left

alone in the cell, she generally wore the same "uniform" - the thick leather collar around her throat, the handcuffs holding her wrists behind her back, and the short strap that attached to a ring at the back of the collar, and pulled her hands high up beneath her shoulder blades. Sometimes they chained her feet for the night. Most times not. With her hands so completely denied to her, she had developed into a fine art the ability to pull the one thin blanket they allowed her up to her shoulders with her teeth. Her feet, too, had become more dexterous. One night, she had been chained to the wall, one dainty foot lifted and bound to a ring set two feet off the floor of the cell. She had spent the night balancing on one foot. That had been the first night, before she knew enough to keep her mouth shut. She had spent the night gagged, as well.

She knew what they were doing to her. It had been explained in considerable detail, and implemented with consummate skill. She saw the woman infrequently. Each time she had seemed to be distracted, evincing none of the feral lust and demonic bondage innovation that characterized Fiendly's attentions. Her interests seemed elsewhere. She seemed impatient about something.

Fiendly was never, ever distracted. He strapped her and chained her, roped her and gagged her and blindfolded her in contortions she would never had thought she would be able to attain. And then maintain, sometimes for hours! And the cameras going off all the time. For the first day's photo session, she had been given back the leather bikini and told to don it. After having just spent her first full night bound, and naked, she jumped at the chance to cover herself decently. The flush of pleasure was to be short lived, however. Her wrists were thonged behind her back and she was led into a very well equipped studio and marched out onto a backdrop paper. The photographer lolled at the edge of the paper, Gorilla sat, arms crossed, by the doorway through which she had just entered, and Fiendly set to work preparing Alicia more thoroughly. First, he tied her elbows together, again, only with cord this time and she gasped at the bite. Several turns of line then crushed her arms to her back and pulled a deep valley into her stomach. At this point, the photographer began shooting, scurrying around and choosing his angles. Fiendly continued, cording her legs above and below the knees, her ankles and then, finally, her big toes, pulling, arching them back and up toward the bindings on the ankles. He stepped back then, and the photographer came in for close-up shots, especially of her face; they didn't want her father to have any doubts about who this was happening to. Her bra came off next and more rope was used to pin her arms to her upper body, the thin line digging deeply, painfully into the silken soft conical mounds of her breasts. The camera clicked away. Fiendly was getting very excited. That left only the bikini panty. His fingers curled under one strap, sliding toward the knot at the hip.





through the torrent of tears running down her face. The back of her scalp felt as if it were afire. The tension, the strain were unendurable. But she endured. She discovered what it was like to, literally, live from second to second. She could move absolutely no part of her body, save for her eyes, and what was she going to see? The pain never left, and she never got used to it but, happily, after the first several minutes, she discovered that she could live with it. She wept bitterly, desperately. Pay, daddy, please, please pay! At one panic-stricken moment, she thought her left foot might give out and that her arms and legs and hair would have to take the full weight of her body. Gritting her teeth and panting like a dog, she concentrated, willed, prayed her trembling, jerking leg into obedience and to suffer more torment. The calf muscle of the leg stood out like a fist. It went on.

The cameraman was busy setting up. Something was happening. Please let me down, she whimpered to herself. He looked like a decent enough sort. Maybe she could reason with him. "Please, sir," she gasped. God, even her voice sounded tortured. There was no reply. "Look, sir, my father is a rich man. He's got lots of money. If you let me go, I'll get you anything you want, as much money as you could ever hope for. I won't say a word to anybody about this. PLEASE!!!" Tears and pleading had always worked on her father. Maybe there was a chance, here. The man turned and gave her a sardonic stare. Speaking not a word, he turned to the equipment chest and returned to stand directly before her, a thick short strap dangling from one hand.

"E.F. was right, I guess, little lady. You should know the rules by now. Sorry, but I only work here. Open wide."

"Oh God . . ." That was as far as she got.

Fifteen minutes, the woman came in, followed servilely by our man Ferret. His eyes lit up when he saw the gag, but he said nothing. It was the woman who spoke. "I see she's been talking out of turn, again, Harry?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Disappointing. Considering the type and qualities of schools to which your father sent you, young woman, you seem not to have learned much in the way of common sense." The woman strolled around the panting bundle, occasionally poking or feeling. "It should be glaringly obvious, I would have thought, that recalcitrance on your part is not merely a waste of time but guaranteed, I'll say it again, guaranteed to land you in a lot worse trouble than you're going through now. If you like this little configuration, keep shooting off your mouth and you'll really experience a touch of the bizarre. I think we'll have her shaven, E.F. That way the rings will show better." The woman completed the circuit and ended standing directly before Alicia's sweating, flushed face. With a quick economy of movement she removed the sopping gag. "I have decided that our snaps of you will have a rather more pungent

"Please don't," she whimpered. "Please."

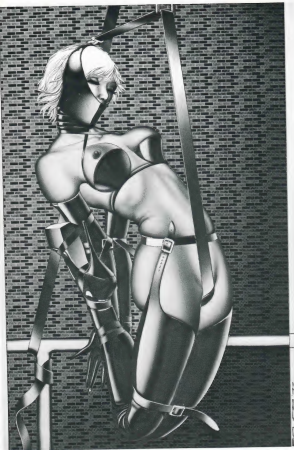
"Ah, foolish child, so very foolish. You were told about the consequences of errant speech," he chortled. With a flourish, the knots came undone, and the man held the panty mounded in his hands, a soft, supple bundle warm with her body's heat. He gave her a lecherous wink and began wadding it up, smaller and smaller. Tiny as it appeared when worn, the bikini bottom made a sizable bundle.

Alicia shook her head, teeth clenched. "You're not putting that thing in my mouth, you little fuck!" Quick as a snake striking, Fiendly's hand flashed to a nipple pinching with unbelievable strength and twisting till she thought the nub would be wrenched from her breast. Pain exploded in her chest, and reflexively, she opened her mouth for the scream. Instantly, the man had the leather packing firmly seated inside and almost as quickly secured in place. She screamed anyway, in pure shame and frustration. The little bastard had done it again! The strobe lights going off in her face were blinding, but she ignored them in her impotent fury. She twisted against his grasp and, obligingly, he let go. Her balance, precarious at best when standing perfectly still under the circumstances was not up to the task of these sudden perambulations and she fell heavily on her side. The floor beneath the backdrop paper was cement and the fall hurt. Badly. The side of her head rapped the floor lightly, and she saw swirling bright lights behind her eyes.

"But it isn't quitting time, love," he cooed. "What does this mean, you lying down on the job. Arise, my pet." She shook her head, trying to rid her vision of the stars. "Comply," was the word as his hand grabbed a handful of hair and bodily dragged her up. The cameraman was yelling that he had to reload the cameras. She stood, wobbling, weeping, as the last of the shots were finished. That was the first day. At least she didn't have to wear the gag that night.

The second day saw her subjected to a number of contortions, culminating in what was probably the worst of her experiences thus far. She was made to stand on the very tippy toes of her foot, the rest of her arched and up into an elaborate bow suspended from the ceiling. Her arms were bound back and to a juncture with her left leg. This juncture hung down just far enough so that the outstretched right leg could just lend some miserly support. Everything ached in seconds, screamed in agony in minutes. "Oh my, that does look painful," Ferret considered. "Here, I'll help you." He knotted another length of rope into her hair and pulled the other end up to meet the ceiling rope. When he had pulled and tugged for several seconds, Alicia found her head and neck added to the bow of her spine. "There, now, isn't that much better?" was the solicitation. "Yes, indeed, I am always happy to help." And then he left. Her view was the upper part of the wall directly before her, what she could see of it





effect if they are accompanied by sound effects." Ferret handed her a cane. Alicia had no illusions about its purpose.

"You can't hit me with that thing. How dare you! I'll scream!"

"Precisely. And beg. We don't expect anything particularly fancy, just your basic groveling and pleading."

"Fuck you, witch!"

"I think a very large gag, tonight, Mr. Ferret. And a helmet." Alicia's heart sank. She'd done it again. But this was all so impossible! Knowing full well that she had already sentenced herself to a thoroughly unpleasant night, she decided it couldn't get much worse, and persisted.

"Why do you have to hurt me like this?" she wailed. The woman and Ferret exchanged glances. "I can't get away. Daddy will pay. You told me you aren't asking for much money. Why do you have to keep me tied up all the time? Why? And keep putting me into these horrible conditions. Please. I'm trying to understand!"

The woman paused, then again walked to the girl's face. "The money isn't why you were kidnapped, little one. There is another reason which does not concern you. If our plan works, you will learn of it in time. It scarcely affects you except that you were necessary to start a chain of events. No, the reason for the torment is that it occurred to me during our first meeting that you are wasted in the straight world. There exists the latent slave-girl in all women but society's inculcations have so attenuated that latency that for many girls, it is effectively non-existent. With the increasing degree to which women perceive themselves to be liberated, the female of the species is switching over to the predatory role traditionally held by men. It's not that women are strong; it's that men are becoming so weak. The women for whom the role of slave-girl lies very near the surface are thus in a quandry — their peers and their society demand that they live with a rather fundamental dichotomy; they are expected to revel in man's weaknesses and dominate him or at the very least manipulate him — which they have quite successfully done for the last two million years, — anyway, when in point of fact, the poor dears really want to be dominated by the man. It is a sad commentary on the male of the species that he has become so spineless. You, my dear, are one of those fortunate enough not only to, as a potential slave, be very close to the surface with your predilection, but to have become associated with a woman like me, who can and will bring it out where you can enjoy it."

"You're crazy," Alicia started, not very convincingly.

"When my employees here, Mr. Gorilla and Mr. Ferret brought you here to my residence, your bikini bottom was sopping wet, as wet as . . ." she paused to inspect " . . . as you are now, in fact."

"That's ridiculous!" Ferret was grinning broadly. Even Gorilla had a smallish smirk.

"How many orgasms did you have in the car?" she asked. Alicia's blush was beet red.

"It was that damned strap running through my legs!" she replied, sounding rather desperate by now.

"Nonsense, child. To the average woman, it would have registered as nothing but pure pain. Besides which, she would have been so frightened that she would have peed in her pants and fainted. You did neither." There was a protracted silence, broken only by Alicia's labored breaths.

"If you want me to be a . . ." she choked on the word, "slave . . . don't hurt me . . ."

"I'm truly sorry, youngster, but the torment is designed especially for the purpose we've been so pleasantly discussing: to make you a slave. It is not nearly enough for you to agree verbally; you must become a slave. It's in there within you, locked up. You imagine that you operate still under your own volition. You imagine that you have choices, options. You have none. The bondage, the whips, the memories of freedom lost will transform you into a slave so that even when you walk with other people, unencumbered by chains and straps, mouth gloriously free of a gag to speak, you will not run and you will not scream."

"You're going to break me down . . . turn me into a zombie!" Alicia cried.

"No, my love, I'm going to introduce you to yourself." She picked up the whip and walked back out of Alicia's sight. Ferret produced a mike and propped it before her mouth on a small tripod. Alicia twisted her head, vainly trying to see this demented woman. The pain of the first lash exploded across the back of the outstretched right thigh. It was indescribable. She would never have thought human flesh and nerves were capable of producing such incredible agony. She didn't even scream. The second blow brought the scream. To say that she pleaded with eloquence is to demean the word. And then she screamed and screamed and screamed again with the next cutting slash. There were six blows in all. At the end of the caning, Alicia thought sure that the back of her leg must have been laid bare to the bone. How would she ever walk again even to be a slave!? They let her down. The agony of her wracked body upon being released from the straited position was nearly as bad as the cane and she lay barely able to move for several minutes. The ropes were removed and her uniform put upon her. As her wrists were being drawn up beneath her shoulder blades, she could look at the, she feared, permanently maimed member. There were, instead, six purpling, ridged weals running laterally across the back of the leg. No blood. No gore. No whiteness of bone revealed by the dangling strips of maimed and mangled flesh. She goggled. It wasn't possible, but there it was. Absurdly, she almost smiled!

Later, after she had been fed and bathed, mouth fitted around a huge wad of rubber, Ferret lacing the leather helmet





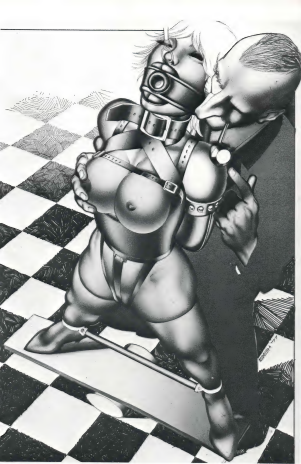
tight about her head, she reflected on the day. The woman in black and white had achieved a new dimension for her. The stripes ached viciously, agonizingly, and she knew without seeing that she was soaked, again. She felt betrayed by herself.

On day three, she lost her virginity. Several times. To several different people. And objects. The door to the cell had slammed open — she supposed it was morning — and was taken, still in helmet and uniform down halls that felt much longer than those down which she had previously traveled. Her ankles had been hobbled, and she minced along as best she could, teetering and slumping into the arms that held her up. Shortly after the helmet had been put into place the night before, she discovered the chief horror of the device, aside from the claustrophobia, the heat, and the blindness and the difficulty in breathing; there was no place for her drool to go! As disgusting as it was to have the saliva streaming down one's chin with a conventional ball gag, to wear an even larger rubber pad inside the helmet was terrible. It is difficult, to say the least, to swallow with a gag in one's mouth. She'd had visions of drowning inside its clinging embrace. She had learned how to swallow gagged. Very quickly. Another useful lesson learned, she supposed.

There was a fumbling at the laces running up the back of the helmet and the device was removed. The sudden rush of fresh air seemed frigid after the stifling blackness of the hood. Her hair was a wet mat plastered around her head, her face was begrimed with sweat, and her chin was glistened beneath the protruding rubber wad from the saliva that, inevitably, she had not been totally able to control. Squinting her eyes against the glare, she perceived that she had been continuously filmed from the moment she had entered the room, both with a video-tape camera and with still cameras. Maybe they wanted instant replay. It was nearly as difficult extricating the gag from her mouth as it had been installing. In working her jaws, her mouth seeming somehow empty without the awful turgid presense. A. Gorilla stood before her. Arms crossed. Naked. A. Gorilla was clearly not bored, now. His erection was huge. And aimed directly at her. It was the vision in the car! Only this time, it was no vision; it was reality! He reached out for her and she recoiled, forgetting about the hobble, and went flat on her bottom, sprawling frantically away, feet shuffling piteously within the boundaries mandated by the straps at her ankles. Gorilla reached again, and again he missed by inches. If only she had her hands! She was making a superb spectacle for the cameras, which was, of course, the intent. Give daddy a real show. With a gesture from the cameraman, Gorilla suddenly lost his ponderous mean and pounced with an agility surprising for a man of such girth. One of the huge arms pinned the thrashing legs together and lifted them clear of the floor, while the other got rid of the hobbles. He swung her body clear of the floor

and dropped it so that Alicia was lying at right angles to the camera. Then, his bulk was upon her, sweaty and huge and crashingly heavy.

She could barely breathe. During all this time, not a word had been spoken, by either of them. There didn't seem much to say. Pleading was, she knew, useless. Her eyes, brimming with tears of disgust and shame and revulsion, sought out those of the woman seated next to the sacrifice, but there was no pity in them. Gorilla grabbed her hair and cruelly twisted her head back and to the side. She gasped with the pain. His lips and tongue sought her throat, sliding down to her breasts, nibbling, licking, sucking, finally biting, gently at first, then harder. The other huge hand had slid between their bodies and was busy between the lips of her sex. She tried desperately to clamp her thighs together, but the hand merely vacated her sex temporarily and parted them like opening the pages of a book where they were kept apart by his legs. The hand returned to its ministrations. A. Gorilla may have been no prize to gaze upon, but he was very very adept at arousing female flesh. His fingers were quickly slick and moist. She loathed herself for the weakness. Oh God, not this way! Not so ugly, and crude! She thrashed beneath him, not entirely to escape the man, more to escape herself. The buzz between her legs was continuous, now. She knew herself close to orgasm. Suddenly, she was penetrated in one long smooth stroke. She screamed as her maidenhead was breached and she spasmed. The invader within was huge. And talented. As the cameras respectively whirled and clicked, A. Gorilla and his upstanding friend wrang from her the most wanton moans and cries she had heard anyone utter, all the more damning because they came from her lips. The zoom lenses and shotgun microphones were tight on her embroiled features, and on the gigantic shaft appearing and disappearing into its warm, albeit temporary, home. Daddy would have quite a show. Gorilla became bored after a bit and he and his friend withdrew, the friend looking somewhat limp and listless. No sooner had she been vacated to curl up within herself at the spectacle that she had been not merely to the cameras and the watching eyes, but to herself, when it was Ferret's turn. His eyes were like wet marbles. Her ankles were again hobbled and she was blindfolded. She lay limp and uncaring, betrayed by herself. You bitch, she thought, you rotten bitch. The supple strap cracked across her belly with an excruciating sting. She lurched, jackknifing in the middle. Another blow caught her across the thighs. She rolled and twisted, blind and frantic. The blows rained down on her body. She couldn't get away! She could discern Ferret's panting, whether from exertion or arousal, she couldn't tell. She didn't care. This incredible torrent of stinging slaps was all she cared about. Several times, when her harried gyrations took her too near the edge of the backdrop paper, the assault paused just long enough to drag





her back to the center of things but always it resumed, unabated in frequency or strength. She was weeping, incoherent sounds punctuated at odd moments by the occasional plea. And again, she felt the beginning of the buzz. What the hell was the matter with her! She really must be a slut. But a slut was one who looked for it, wasn't she? She wasn't looking for this at all. And yet she was . . . Goddamn you, she silently screamed at herself . . . again becoming aroused. Her introspection dissolved with the successive blows, as she was chased around and around. Finally, both of them nearly exhausted, Ferret told her to kneel with her face to the floor, bottom protruding and open and he took her, doggie-style. His sexual attack was over almost as soon as it began - clearly his lust was triggered more by the whipping than the act of coitus.

She was slung from the ceiling via a harness/trapeze arrangement and rocked back and forth upon her impalement, then head bent back down toward the floor, was made to lave with her tongue and lips the instrument that had so recently been within her. All the men in attendance she then cleansed in this fashion. There were so many. Where had they come from? She was pierced both from the front and the back at the same time, her mouth silenced and filled with yet a third of the thick pylons. It was as if all the erections she had so casually caused had come home to roost. She was used and used and used again, becoming nothing but a receptacle, a thing, a slave. All day. In a seemingly endless stream of positions. The men had finally tired. She had ceased to care, looking around, almost offering herself to any late comers.

The dildo was gigantic. Back in the cell, blindfolded and gagged, she could feel its cold girth and length slide into her, her warm flesh mold, protestingly around it. When it was totally inside the straps attached to it were attached to her so tightly that she feared she might be severed. Then the giant's vibrator was turned on. It took only seconds before she was moaning and crying into the gag, her breath coming short and hard through the nostril holes. She writhed and bucked, scrabbling her feet around the cell, even standing and stumbling blindly about, banging into the walls, slipping and falling, the orgasms piling one on the other seemingly projected into the blackness of the hood as exploding stars and colors. The straps held it a part of herself. Escape was impossible. Finally she lay exhausted, twitching. The thing was turned off. Her instant sleep was as black and featureless as the inside of the helmet.

Came the fourth day, and her eyes were restored to her. Gazing blearily around the room, she remarked, "What, no line? Alicia, your hole-away-from-home is to spared?" That had gotten her whipped. A round dozen. Her hands were away and impossibly high above her and her feet were spread wide to rings set into the floor. The worst cuts were those falling on the wounds suffered the other day. Her screams echoed

back to her from the wall. The man with the whip, one she'd not yet seen before, removed the dildo to make way for himself. Standing up and unable to twitch, he used her in much the same way he undoubtedly used his hand when no woman was available. It wasn't even recorded for her father's delectations. He left her to hang. What a way to start the day, she thought ruefully, licking the salt tears that had so recently coursed down her cheeks. The manacles bit and gnawed. She endured.

With a puff of displaced air she felt most piquantly across her groin, the door opened, and the woman walked in. She was alone, and closed the door behind her. A sardonic grin marked her features as she surveyed her youthful property. "Since it seems you have become too inured to the distress of gags, as penance for your wilful tongue, we'll just have to see what effect pain, et al, will have. You haven't really learned, yet, have you darling? I've been rather remiss, I suppose." She ran a crimson be-nailed hand lightly up the stretched belly. Ran her tongue around a jutting nipple and kissed it. Almost instantly, the nipple stiffened. She stood inches from her charge; Alicia submerged into the woman's scent, her warm breath bathing her face. The woman's hands continued their play, and Alicia's breath became faster.

"Please don't do that," she moaned.

"Do you find it so unpleasant?" The hands continued with no abatement. "Your body would seem to be suggesting its whole-hearted approval."

"Please . . . I'm not a lesbian. I've never done it with a woman."

"Of course you are; all women are switch-hitters to use the vernacular." The woman leaned forward the two inches that separated their faces and kissed Alicia on the lips. It was warm, sweet, incredible. Instantly, with a vehemence that surprised, Alicia returned the kiss, surging forward against the bonds ineffectually. God, if only she could move, even a little bit! "See what I told you!" The woman stood back. Alicia's mind was a turmoil of shame. They eyed each other for several minutes, Alicia's breathing returning to normal.

"You're a lesbian." A statement, rather than a question.

"I've just told you."

"Don't you ever . . . you know, do it with men?"

"Of course, silly," was the laughing reply. "I enjoy both spectrums of sex, although I must admit I'm partial to women."

"If you want me as a, a . . . lesbian slave, why did you give me to those men, yesterday, why did you let them do those things to me? And then that horrible thing that was in me all night . . . ?!" Alicia cried, outrage and incomprehension written on her face.

"I don't want you as a lesbian slave, pet, I want you as a slave. The men were to 'break you in' so to speak, and to illustrate the fact that your body, henceforth, is available to



any man or woman at all times, for any purposes to which they want to subject it. You are a slave — a thing. A tool to be used at your better's convenience and/or pleasure. You shake your head no, but already you know that what I say will happen, is happening. I said before that I would introduce you to yourself. It is a process well begun and fruitful developing. You still shake your head, but I can see in your eyes — and in your body," she touched Alicia in the one place that even then was graphically betraying her negatives, "that it's so."

She turned and produced a cane and stood before her girl. "George has you nicely striped in back," she mused. "Those breasts could use some adornment," she concluded. "I will make you scream," she whispered and kissed the helpless lips.

At first, it was awful; worse by far than the previous experience — she could see the cane flash through the air like the strike of a snake; hear the awful thunk as the wood embedded itself into her breasts, her belly, and the fronts of her thighs. And yet it was different; the strokes were blinding slashes of fire scoring her flesh, and the pain was as bad as anything she had experienced before in her other encounter with the lash, but, peculiarly, the woman seemed to radiate a kind of love for her, that love being manifest in each bite of the cane. After each searing blow had lost its effect and she could again focus on the world, she seemed somehow drawn more and more to the woman standing, watching, examining the throes of pain, savoring the timbre of the resultant scream. She was changing with each blow bringing her closer to the woman, like a machine indexing itself toward some mechanical end. The pain seemed to be an awakening, the catalyzing. The cane went back and back for another swing.

"I don't think so, Madame," came the voice. The woman whirled, almost dropping the cane.

"You!" was the word, explosive, from her lips. Alicia followed her gaze, dimly, still in her private haze. The newcomer was coiled against the wall just inside the door. Her coloring was black, like the Madame's, and their differences were subtle but distinct. She wore a neck-to-ankles leather catsuit affair. In her right hand was a nasty little slab-sided automatic pistol pointed at Madame. Through the open door behind her, A. Gorilla formed an oafish pile on the floor. He didn't move. Another man's head protruded around the corner at the end of the short hall. The head was still. An awful silence pervaded the small room. Alicia groaned softly. The newcomer flicked her eyes, all hard and fast over her and it seemed that she was recognized, then her gimlet like stare returned to the Madame, poised, frozen in mid-swing.

"You really should have demanded more money, dolt. It was a dead giveaway. You had to want something else. Ten thousand dollars from a billionaire?" The voice was filled with humorous contempt. "Since it became obvious that

your little minx Chattele didn't know a damned thing, she was nothing more than a plant to get me to come here, all unwitting. I was basically the ransom, wasn't I? Very flattering, I'm sure." Madame's look of consternation had turned to one of barely controlled fury. The hand holding the cane had begun to twitch. The woman watching let out a hearty laugh. The pistol never wavered. She slammed the door. "Drop the cane." Alicia could almost hear the gritting teeth covered by the drawn cheeks. "I said drop it. A .380 ain't much of a round, sugar, but it'll peel off a kneecap like you wouldn't believe." The muzzle of the gun lowered to the target. The cane clattered on the floor. Alicia didn't understand what was happening. Who was this woman? Why was she pointing that ridiculous pistol at the Madame? Alicia wasn't thinking too well at that point. She was suddenly afraid for her captor. The delicate and as yet still tenuous relationship developed thus far through the cane had been caught short in mid-stride. That which beneath and augmented by the pain had been surfacing was frozen, frustratingly close but held at arm's length regardless.

"Release the girl," was the curt invective. "Time's a wastin', honey."

"I'll have to get a key; I don't have one, here," Madame finally said. Alicia could almost hear her thinking, trying to produce some last ditch plan of action and knowing that it was useless as she thought.

"Bullshit. You've always got a key. Try the one hanging on that little chain around your neck; you and I have gone through this before, remember?" the woman retorted, the humor now quite gone from her voice. Alicia didn't like the voice. The women's eyes locked yet again, but a protracted staring match was useless and the woman with the gun seemed quite capable of carrying out her threat. Alicia was sickened at the mental image of the muffled explosion as the gun fired and bucked, and the soft plop as the kneecap, glistening white flecked with red hurtling across the room. Clearly, the woman was very dangerous. The Madame withdrew the key from between her breasts and turned to the captive. "Do her feet, first."

When the clasps fell from her ankles, Alicia thought sure she would have collapsed straight away but for the support afforded her wrists by the ceiling cuffs. With a final venomous glance over her shoulder, Madame released one wrist, which fell limply to Alicia's side, and finally the other, and Alicia did collapse, the Madame only partially able to cushion the descent to the floor.

Madame was then ordered to assume Alicia's just vacated position, and to snap closed about her own wrists the dangling manacles. Being taller than Alicia, she was able to manage, albeit with some stretching and fumbling. As the last segment of the bracelet ratcheted home, the woman finally put up the

gun. Swift and sure, she joined the Madame's ankles with another pair of the handcuffs. Madame's eyes were blank, empty, defeated. Almost, there were tears at the corners of her eyes. Alicia's heart went out to her in a gush, replaced with a gathering rage of indignation at the usurper. Madame's doleful look as her mouth was pried and stretched around the rubber wad Alicia had worn the night before produced an aching pity in her erstwhile young captive. It wasn't right; it just wasn't right; just when they had just started going and she had begun to find, for the first time in her life, an identity so true, so complete, so hitherto undreamed of, this, this utter fearless bitch comes along to ruin it. The fact that she was there specifically for her succor was forgotten. This woman and her father, and her life entirely, she suddenly realized, were of a world entirely apart from what she was, now. There, she had flitted, purposeless, useless, an ornament on her father's list of achievements, a pampered status symbol no more a woman than one of those disgusting inflatable dolls, with all the right parts. Madame had begun to open doors into a world so very different, so much better . . . and now this.

"My name is Hall, kid, but we can make with the introductions later," the woman muttered over her shoulder. "One more little adjustment, here, and we'll be on our way." She had linked Madame's waist to her ankles by a piece of rope running through the red leather belt and the single link between the cuffs. Now, she lifted Madame's legs with one hand and arm, and pulled the loop of rope smaller and smaller with the other until, finally, Madame's legs were doubled, her heels snubbed tight beneath the bulge of her buttocks. She moaned into the gag, fingers stretched taut, claw-like at the pain of the cuffs supporting all her weight. Alicia was moving almost unconsciously. This had to stop! There had been a small stool at one side of the cell. Both hands held it high over her head, now, as the Hall woman began to turn around, her back still to the hanging girl. The stool swung down in a short arc but the woman, somehow, had sensed the attack and with incredibly fast reflexes, had managed to throw one arm up as she spun toward Alicia.

She wasn't fast enough, though, and her arm only partially blocked the blow, the rounded edge of the weapon glancing off the side of her head. As she stumbled and fell, her look was of pure incredulity. Then her eyes glazed as she slumped to the floor, her head striking the cement with a flat bumping sound. She was still.

Alicia stood and panted, the stool still dangling from one hand. Madame's eyes were huge above the gag. Was I right, Alicia thought. The look in the bound woman's eyes changed into comprehension. Alicia dropped the stool and embraced her, kissing the tip of her nose. She would have to find the key.

Madame watched closely as the perfect young body rifled



the zippered pockets of Hall's suit. Was it possible that the child had changed so fast? It seemed unbelievable; almost too good to be true. Alicia flashed her a demure smile as she held up the chrome key and, walking around behind her, began fumbling at the knots holding her legs in stricture. Madame bit on the gag in savage satisfaction. She glared down at Hall, supine, legs askew, an ugly bruise just below the hairline. As the knot was finally loosened and her feet touched the floor, sending another wave of red-tinged agony, Alicia supported her with sweet, soft arms. It would be fine, she thought, as the metal bands fell from her limbs. Just fine. She approached the unconscious leather-clad woman, the manacles dangling from her hands.





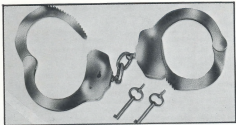
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